



THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA



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SIX PAGES

"What's Sauce For Goose Is Sauce For Gander"

Criticize Gov't Labor Policy

Labor Secretary Says Ottawa Has "Spurned Labor's Offer Co-operate With Government"

Says Public Must be Taken into Confidence or War Not Likely to be Successful

BEFORE POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB

Conroy States That Labor Organizations Have No Political Significance—Labor Policy Determined by What it is Told

Lack of faith in Dominion leaders because of the "contemptuous and contradictory attitude of the federal government towards labor" was described by Pat Conroy, vice-president of the United Mine Workers of America and secretary of the Canadian Federation of Labor, Wednesday evening. Mr. Conroy spoke in M142 to a gathering of about one hundred students on the subject, "Labor and the War."

The meeting was held under the auspices of the Political Science Club. Stuart Purvis presided.

Co-eds Undertake Specialized War Training Courses

Army Drill, Red Cross, Canteen, First Aid, Motor Mechanics Studied

SYSTEM REORGANIZED

Much has been written about the military drill that the co-eds at the University of Alberta have been engaged in since the first of the fall term. Last week the co-eds started on a new phase of training, when they were divided into seven different groups to continue their training along specialized lines.

One of the largest groups formed is the army drill group, which will be studying the rudiments of drill for the whole winter. The co-eds take the drill every Monday and Friday at four o'clock in the drill hall just like real, honest-to-goodness soldiers. The group includes women students of all classes. The undergraduates will act as the instructors for next year.

Another important group is the Red Cross group, which, too, is very popular with the girls. These co-eds spend two hours a week sewing, knitting, making bandages and the like. Miss Duggan and Miss Major are in charge.

House Ec. and those that have the "Home Body Touch" has enrolled in the commissariat and canteen work. This course includes a study of nutrition and the problem of mass production of food. This group is being directed in its studies by Miss Patrick and Miss MacIntyre.

First Aid is also one of the most popular groups, chosen by the co-eds who have a free choice. Under this course the co-eds will study the St. John's Ambulance and first aid courses. The course is under Miss Duggan, Miss McArthur and Miss Foskett.

Twenty lucky co-eds who have the proper qualifications will soon begin their training over town in Motor Mechanics. These girls have their driver's licences, are able to drive a car, and have their St. John's Ambulance certificates. Their training will be given by the Ford Motor Company.

Under Dr. Tracy a large group of co-eds are now employed in learning about 1,000 year clerical terms. This is the clerical group. They will study the methods of such clerical work in the armed forces.

Twenty-two co-eds are studying signalling under Mr. Hewitson. They are learning how to use a "bug" and how to receive International Code. They are going to learn the methods of signalling with flags, with lamps and will even learn the methods of setting up telephone lines.

As well as the instructors, each group has its own school of corporals. Among these are Second Jackson, Margaret Wilcox, Marion Lockertie, Dorothy Guild and Bunty Sutherland.

Unfortunately, the Freshettes will have to continue their physical training for the winter. During the period of outdoor drill these girls were exempted for P.T.

NOTICE

Freshmen are asked to return their year book photo proofs immediately. Any proofs not in by Saturday will be printed at the discretion of the photographer.

Order-in-Council

Rehabilitation Provisions Affecting Students

The following paragraphs quoted from Order-in-Council P.C. 7633 announce the "Post-discharge Rehabilitation Order" provision made for students who have rendered active service during the present war:

Para. 8.—In case any discharged person (a) has been regularly admitted to a university before his discharge, or is regularly admitted to a university either within

(i) one year from his discharge, or (ii) one year from the commencement of the university year, or of the course which he is pursuing, next following his discharge, if such discharge precedes such commencement by not more than three months, and

(b) resumes a course, academic or professional, interrupted by his service or commences any such course, in such university within one year and three months after his discharge or within such longer period as may be necessary to enable him to complete his university matriculation or as may arise on account of his ill-health or on account of other good cause shown to the satisfaction of the Minister,

The minister may, subject to the provisions of paragraph 10 hereof, order that he be paid a grant for any week or part thereof during which he pursues such course, at a rate not exceeding \$13.00 per week if he is a married person and \$9.00 per week if he is not a married person, diminished by such amount, on account of any pension, wages, salary or other income such person may have received or be entitled to receive in respect of such period, as to the Minister seems right, but the grant shall not be continued to any such person who fails in more than two classes or subjects in any academic year, nor to any such person who having failed in either one or two classes or subjects also fails in either or both supplementary examinations next offered by the university in such classes or subjects.

Para. 9.—In case any discharged person

(a) has entered upon a post-graduate course, either academic or professional, in a university before enlistment, or was about to do so at the time of his enlistment, or, having completed his undergraduate course in a university after his discharge, enters upon a post-graduate course as aforesaid, and

(b) resumes or commences such post-graduate course within

(i) one year from his discharge, or (ii) one year from the commencement, next following his discharge, of such course in such university, if his discharge precedes such commencement by not more than three months, or

(iii) in the case of a discharged person who completes his undergraduate course after his discharge, as soon as may be after his such completion,

If the Minister, having considered such person's attainments and his course, deems it in the public interest that he should continue such course, the Minister may, subject to the provisions of paragraph 10 hereof, order that he be paid a grant for any week or part thereof during which he continues such course at a rate not exceeding \$13.00 per week if he is a married person and \$9.00 per week if he is not a married person, diminished by such amount, on account of any pension, wages, salary or other income such person may have received or be entitled to receive in respect of such period, as to the Minister seems right.

Para. 10.—(a) No grant shall be paid to any discharged person under paragraphs 8 and 9 hereof for any period or periods for which he may have been paid a rehabilitation grant, nor shall he be paid any grant under the said paragraphs if the total period for which he has received out-of-work benefit or grants hereunder, or unemployment insurance benefit under the Unemployment Insurance Act, 1940, exceeds in all his period of service, unless

(i) in the case of a person who has been in receipt of a grant under paragraph 8 hereof, his progress and attainments in his course are such that the Minister deems it in the public interest that the grant should be continued, and

(ii) in the case of a person in receipt of a grant under paragraph 9 hereof, his progress and attainments are so outstanding that, in the Minister's opinion, it is important in the public interest that the grant should be continued.

Para. 11.—Where a grant is being paid to a discharged person under the provisions of paragraph 8, 9 or 10 hereof, the Minister may order that a payment be made on his behalf not exceeding the tuition fees, students' fees and athletic fees or other charges and costs of his course.

Gosling, Goose, Duck, Duckling, I Am Ugly

Once upon a time there was a tiny gosling, but she was an ugly duckling; her daddy was really a drake, but if she'd been a gosling he would have been a gander; and so would have been the duckling who lived in the puddle in the middle of the road. The ugly duckling, who is supposed to be a gosling about to be a goose, was very unhappy because the little ducklings, who are supposed to be goslings about to be ganders, always took out the prettier ducklings, supposed to be goslings about to be geese. One day, it was a Monday, she asked her daddy, a drake who would have been a gander if she'd been a gosling about to be a goose, "Why don't the ducklings (supposed to be goslings about to be ganders) ask me to go puddling over there (refrain taken from a song of the last war) where the other ducklings (supposed to be goslings about to be geese and ganders) puddle?" Her daddy knew that ducklings supposed to be goslings about to be ganders always go for the ducklings supposed to be goslings about to be geese who are ravishing at least; since his little duckling supposed to be a gosling about to be a goose was far from even ordinary, daddy decided that he would tell her a duckling supposed to be a gosling about to be a gander to go puddling. The ugly duckling supposed to be a gosling about to be a goose found an ugly duckling supposed to be a gosling about to be a gander and they puddled for days (three days: Thursday, Friday and Saturday). After that turnabout week-end, all the ducklings supposed to be goslings about to be geese started to ask the ducklings supposed to be goslings about to be ganders to puddle. Since the puddle jermint was brought by the ducklings supposed to be goslings about to be geese, the ducklings supposed to be goslings about to be ganders entered into the scheme wholeheartedly. Now everyone knows that geese (that is, both geese and ganders) cry "Waw" quite regularly; and that is the story of how comes the name "Waw-Waw Weekend."

NOTICE

Waw Waw House Dance will be held Saturday night in Convocation Hall. Charge will be 5 cents per inch of gander's neck.

Zoology Dept. Now Investigating Private Life of Mallophaga Louse

Have you seen a louse—not the two-legged variety, but the minute creeping parasite which infests the skin and hair of human beings and various birds and mammals? Even if lice seem very remote from the lives of most of us, they prove extremely interesting to the entomologists who are endeavoring to discover the most intimate details concerning them.

Up in the attic of the Zoology Department on the fourth floor of the Medical Building, surrounded by bottles, dishes, pickled specimens, slides, stains, temperature cabinet, hot plate, and all the other working paraphernalia of a working entomologist, a young man can be found busily engaged mounting lice on slides. Elementary, you say? Oh, no—these are not ordinary lice. Mallophaga is their name—which may not convey much meaning to the average student in the hall, so let us call them simply bird lice or biting lice.

The name of the investigator is Albert Wilkes, a B.Sc. in Arts graduate of the U. of A. who is now in the Zoology Department, and is now working toward his Master's degree. In the past very little has been known of Mallophaga in Alberta, and his purpose is to build up a little taxonomic knowledge concerning this species and then donate his collection to the Entomology Department.

But before these lice can be mounted on slides they must first be caught, which is not quite as simple a job as it might sound. If you were confronted with the problem of catching a large number, just how would you go about it? The method of collection is reminiscent of stories told of soldiers in the last Great War removing their clothing and picking out the "cooties" one by one. Mallophaga are commonest in the spring and fall, with very few in the summer. Nevertheless, the lice mak-

Present S.U. Cut Budget

What Clubs Are Doing

CERCLE FRANCAIS

Miss Helen Hardy on the occasion of the Cercle Francais on the occasion of its second meeting of the semester, on the subject, "La Crête Ancienne," or literally, Ancient Crete. The era which based the talk was from 1500-1400 B.C., when Crete was the dominant civilization of the Aegean Sea. The most prosperous city of the island at the time was Knossos, the capital. The palace of Minos, the absolute ruler of the Cretan empire, was situated at Knossos.

By means of lantern slides Miss Hardy showed salient features of Cretan life: clothing, buildings, utensils (vases), etc. The famed wasp-waisted Cretan ladies were shown. Several frescoes (painting done on plaster) were also shown, one of a bull-fight. The height of Cretan civilization may be realized from the fact that they had a highly developed drainage system before Christ, which not even the Greeks attained.

In conclusion, Miss Hardy noted that the Cretan civilization was mother to the Greek and its Latin progeny in turn.

Mr. Jacob, president of the club, introduced Miss Hardy. After the address, Miss Moira Law read the minutes of the last meeting. Professor Green led the Cercle in a sing-song to introduce new members to the French songs. Miss Jean Eagleson accompanied the songs on the piano.

Date of the meetings has been changed from Thursday, as last year, to Wednesday, which has been found more convenient to the majority of members.

MATH CLUB

At a meeting of the Mathematics Club on Monday evening, Miss Mary Bass and Mr. Cedric Ward addressed members on the subject, "Mathematics in the Middle Ages."

Miss Bass dealt with the development and content of mathematics in Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor. Mr. Ward covered the subject with respect to development in Babylonia and India. The speakers reviewed the history of mathematics from about 3000 B.C. until 1200 A.D.

COMMERCE CLUB

Commerce students met at the first luncheon meeting of the term Monday noon in St. Joseph's College. Mr. L. Y. Cairns, lecturer in Commercial Law, addressed members on the subject, "The Lighter Side of Law." Instead of giving a conventional speech, Mr. Cairns told the guests six amusing anecdotes which he had gleaned from the lighter episodes in the law profession.

Students' Union Budget Meet Saturday, 11 a.m. in Con Hall; All Lectures, Labs Cancelled

Dr. Newton to Speak as Honorary President of Students' Union

ALL MAY ATTEND

Members of Council to be Present

Once more the mass budget meeting of the Students' Union of the University is coming—Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. One of the most important meetings of the year, it is hoped that the students will take advantage of their constitutional rights and attend the meeting in Convocation Hall. All lectures and labs for the period have been cancelled.

Many members of the Council expect there will be lively questioning on the part of some of the student body concerning certain items on the budget.

Bob Macbeth, President of the Union, will be in the chair. The meeting will be opened by Dr. Newton, Acting President of the University and Honorary President of the Union. Max Stewart, Secretary of the Union, will read the minutes of the last meeting of the Union.

The budget, the event of the meeting, will be presented by the Treasurer, Don McCormick.

The estimated budget follows:

Annual Budgeted Subsidy 1940-41 1941-42

EXPENDITURE:	1940-41	1941-42
Men's Athletic Assn:		
General	\$ 742.58	\$ 545.00
Badminton (1/2)	44.72	50.00
Basketball	501.09	398.70
Basketball, Interfac.	34.00	29.00
and "B"	39.07	50.00
Boxing	298.24	251.00
Fencing (3/5)	143.02	50.00
Hockey	899.48	470.75
Rugby	405.73	1,198.50
Outdoor Club	144.07	81.25
Soccer	35.37	50.00
Swimming	29.00	178.00
Tennis	10.50	50.00
Track	59.21	50.00
Wrestling	235.25	113.00
Equipment	300.00	300.00
	\$3,724.34	\$3,713.20

Women's Athletic Assn:	1940-41	1941-42
General	\$ 325.23	\$ 318.00
Archery	125.06	127.45
Badminton (1/2)	44.71	50.00
Basketball	307.99	330.00
Fencing (2/5)	113.05	34.00
Hockey	35.37	50.00
Basketball	30.00	35.00
Outdoor Club (1/2)	144.06	81.25
Swimming	54.00	170.00
Tennis	10.50	18.50
Track	61.03	60.00
	\$1,215.63	\$1,292.20

Literary Association:	1940-41	1941-42
General	\$ 86.04	\$ 207.50
Band	16.58	50.00
Debate Society	215.88	240.00
Dramatic Society	390.57	405.00
Philharmonic Society	79.40	277.50
Pharmaceutical Society (Calgary)	32.59	100.00
Political Science Club	23.00	51.00
	\$ 894.06	\$1,281.00

Students' Union	1940-41	1941-42
General	\$ 889.07	\$ 560.00
Students' Union	826.76	860.00
Campus "A" Card	27.16	21.00
Administration	71.19	88.00
Waite Society	1,808.15	1,000.00
Credit	61.72	50.00
Run	100.00	100.00
Provincial News Dept.	36.30	35.00
Students' Union Nurses Club	32.00	35.00
Sports Publicity	25.00	35.00
War Contact Fund	32.00	35.00
Spill Fund	25.00	35.00
	\$3,778.97	\$2,712.00

INCOME	1940-41	1941-42
Surplus	\$ 601.80	\$ 600.00
	\$ 6,000.00	\$ 6,000.00

McIndoe Stars Gunnery Practice

Dead-eye shooting of a former University of Alberta medical student, Lieut. Doug H. McIndoe, is reported in a Canadian Press dispatch from the training field in Wales, where the Canadian tank brigade held gunnery practice recently.

McIndoe joined an Alberta tank regiment last March along with Margat Lambert, Stan Waters, and Jim Cameron. The brigade went overseas this summer, and is now engaged in intensive manoeuvres. In the gunnery practice in which McIndoe starred, thousands of rounds of tank cannon and machine gun ammunition were used.

WOMEN'S MEDICAL CLUB

The monthly meeting of the Women's Medical Club was held in the Med-Waunetta on Monday, Nov. 3, at 4 p.m. There were 14 members present.

Plans were discussed for the annual banquet to be held in the MacDonald Hotel on Saturday, Nov. 15, at 6:30 p.m. The guest speaker will be Dr. Mary Hunter. Lunch was served by the third year Meds.

Frosh Election Nov. 14; Elect Six Executive

Nominations Accepted Wednesday, Nov. 12, at Union Office

VOTING FROM 9-5 FRIDAY

Holding of Frosh elections on Friday, Nov. 14, was announced this week by Max Stewart, Union secretary. This will be the first chance new students have to exercise their franchise, as previous elections have been restricted to upper-classmen.

To carry on class business, the Freshies and Freshettes will choose a president, a vice-president, a secretary-treasurer and three executive members.

Nominations will be accepted at the Students' Union office between 9 and 12 o'clock Wednesday, Nov. 12. Forms may be obtained now at the telephone wicket in the Students' Union office, and they must be signed by the nominee and nine others.

Pointing out the importance of the elections, Secretary Stewart declared that on them depends the success of the social activities of the Frosh year. If a good executive is elected which will create a real class spirit, Varsity spirit in general for this and future years will be ensured.

Any member of the Frosh class is entitled to run, and individuals can show good example of interest in their own affairs by dropping into the office and filling out forms.

Geese Gain Aid 'Phone Directory

Indispensable aid to Waw Waws, the annual Student Union Telephone Directory appeared on the campus Wednesday afternoon. Edited by James S. Woods, with René Bolleau as Business Manager, the pocket-sized directory is the third of its kind.

Compilation of the green and gold effort was very amusing, stated Jim Woods. It was a novel way, he said, for getting a line on one's friends. The editor was disappointed by not being able to get the bookies out earlier, but this was unavoidable, as so many people didn't put the necessary information on their registration forms.

Proof-reading proved the most difficult and tiring part of the job. Care had to be taken that the eleven Browns and thirteen Smiths were in correct order, and that the five Johnstons, nine Johnstons, and the one and only Johnstone didn't become collectively, Johnstons.

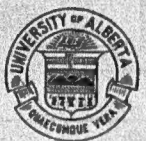
The Directory will prove invaluable to Waw Waws this weekend, but, since what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, the Directory will remain of great service to boys in later dating.

Students Graduate At Gordon Head

From the Officers' Training Camp at Gordon Head, B.C., comes word of the graduation on Thursday, Oct. 30, of two former members of the U. of A. contingent of the C.O.F.A. Ian Dunlap and Jack Burrows. Both of these men have received their commissions as Second Lieutenants in the Active Army, and are due to report to Advanced Training Camps on November 7 to continue with the job they have undertaken.

A graduate in Arts in '41, and a leader in S.C.M. circles on the campus, Ian Dunlap has received his commission in an Artillery unit. Jack Burrows, who was vice-president in C.O.F.A. circles and gave up his University career in favor of the army, will enter the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps.

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A Guest Editorial by Mr. D. E. Cameron,
University Librarian

THE GATEWAY prints in another column the provisions, as they affect university students who have enlisted, or who enlist, for active service with the armed forces of Canada, of an Order-in-Council (P.C. 7633 of October 1, 1941) dealing with the rehabilitation of ex-service men. This Order will be found to be of the highest interest and importance to all students, whether undergraduate or graduate, whose academic career is interrupted by enlistment for active service.

The Order covers many different classes, whose requirements vary widely. We print, however, the paragraphs only which deal with student rehabilitation. It is to **REHABILITATION OF STUDENTS** be noted that prospective students are also provided for, who may enter a university with a year, or in some cases within fifteen months, of being discharged from active service.

As an indication of the generous and far-sighted policy which has prompted this enactment, in time to let all concerned understand under what conditions interrupted study may be resumed and completed, we quote the statement of the Hon. Ian MacKenzie, Minister of Pensions and National Health. The Order aims, he writes, at "insuring that young men who willingly interrupted their education shall be enabled to complete their courses and enrich the professional services of Canada by an influx of men whose war service has proved the high quality of their citizenship."

In further illustration of the admirable intention of the new Order, we quote, in part, a letter of Brig.-General H. F. McDonald, of the General Advisory Committee on Rehabilitation, to the President of the University:

"The Sub-Committee . . . in recommending this provision pointed out that if such provision were made there would be less pressure upon university authorities to modify or relax their academic standards in respect to the qualification of this special category of student. . . . Any relaxation of existing standards would be a doubtful service to those pursuing professional courses. . . . The objective in respect to ex-service men should be the prompt resumption of interrupted education, followed by vigorous, consecutive, and if possible, accelerated training without any surrender of the high standards now being maintained by your university.

"The provision thus made by this Order of opportunity for those now in the forces should not only reassure the minds of those now serving, but also their parents and teachers. We believe it will also be helpful in advising many young men anxious to enlist but apprehensive as to the resumption of their education on their discharge from the forces."

A valuable service is rendered to the student body by the timely formulation and publication of the Government's provision for rehabilitation. The student constituency of the Dominion will welcome "P.C. 7633," which under that description will be long and gratefully remembered, not only because of what it does, but because of the spirit that prompted it, the sound understanding of student needs it reveals, and the clear intention it shows that the Dominion should treat with sympathetic and generous consideration men and women who interrupt their academic careers

CASSEROLE



Confucius say: "Indian girl have plenty of fun with beau and error."

"I lead a dog's life," said the strip-teaser. "I'm always shedding."

Prof.—Do you know where the "Seat of Emotion" is?
Stude—On the davenport.

Marg (sarcastically)—Say, it's twelve o'clock. Do you think you can stay here all night?
Freshie—Well, I'll have to telephone mother first.

Ag. Prof.—What's your definition of a milk-maid?
Student—One darn thing after an udder.

Then there was the one about the two draftsmen—just a pair of drawers.

When she danced her poise remained unshaken.

Mistress—Now, for goodness sake, don't spill anything during the meal tonight!

Maid—O.K., ma'am. I'll keep quiet.

First Old Maid—Oh, Agatha, I'm going out with a used automobile salesman.

Second Old Maid—What's the difference as long as he's healthy.

Blonde—So she lost her job because of stomach trouble?

Brunette—Yes, she was an Oriental dancer and she lost control of it.

"I love you terribly."
"You certainly do."

"Hard-working little wife you got there, Bill."
"My word, yes. I only wish I had a couple more like 'er."

"Darling, I am detained at the office and shan't be home until very late."

"Can I depend on that?"

Attention, Co-eds!
"What is the opposite of bachelor?"
"Er . . . lady-in-waiting."

Stan—We're going for a nice automobile ride.
Pat—No fooling.
Stan (whistles)—It all depends on you.

"Would you like to go to the circus tonight? I've got two seats."
"Then why aren't you in the side show?"

"Are you the girl who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the cafe.
"Yes, sir," replied the waitress, politely.
"Well, I declare," he remarked, "you don't look a day older."

First Lady—Do you think Mrs. Jones is attractive?
Second Lady—No, but she certainly keeps her girlish figure.

"Gosh! that sounds like a gun, and I've been afraid of firearms since birth."
"Was your mother scared by a gun?"
"No, but I think my father was."

Roses are red
Violets are blue;
Oh God I wish
This gag was new.

Drunk—I live here.
Cop—Then why don't you go in?
Drunk—Forgot my key.
Cop—Ring the bell.
Drunk—Rang it an hour ago.
Cop—Ring it again.
Drunk—To hell with them. Let them wait.

to serve their country in her armed forces.

The provisions of the Order are now effective. Dean G. M. Smith, Dean R. S. L. Wilson, and Acting Dean R. D. Sinclair have been named as a Committee to plan the reception and after-care of ex-service students during the war and on general demobilization. Care will be taken to let all our students who are now on service know of P.C. 7633, and students who enlist are asked to communicate with the above-named Committee. To help to keep the University Record of War Service complete, students who enlist are also asked to see that the Registrar's office is kept informed in such matters as regimental number, rank, and unit.

The University of Alberta will be proud to play its part in co-operating with the Dominion Government in the duty of rehabilitating its ex-service students.

City of the Great Open Spaces:
Views Concerning Edmonton

Reprinted from an Ottawa paper

The Calgary Herald, always helpful in the pinches, announced the other day that "a street car has been outfitted as a travelling library to carry civilization to Edmonton's remotest suburbs."

Back of this terse crack is an insoluble civic problem the Alberta capital has on its doorstep, on account of so many of its business people living "just outside" the city limits and yelling like blue blazes for city services—water, for instance.

(Note—Any similarity, real or implied, of the aforesaid yelling to any yelling by suburban neighbors of you-know-where is purely—or you might say strikingly—coincidental and we disclaim all responsibility.)

Where were we? Oh, yes; we were about to explain the insolubility of the problem:

If you can recall the good old real estate boom days when townships adjacent to cities became prospective high-class building lots overnight and Edmonton laid itself out for a population only a little bit bigger than Chicago's, you will understand that "just outside" its city limits means so far from the city hall that suburbanites can afford to go down only on rare occasions, and then only if there's a cut-rate excursion and a cheap one at that.

Under the gas restrictions you couldn't drive it on a Sunday either. So imagine pumping water that far!

The "city limits" of Edmonton are an imaginary line away out on the bald prairie, something like our international boundary. In consequence of the spread-eagling, the city directory has huge numbers that run up into figures resembling an estimate of the revenue from this year's income tax. And not only that, but next-door neighbors live so far apart you might think they were settlers up in the more sparsely populated parts of the Peace River country.

So possibly there is something in the Herald's tart remark about the itinerant library.

In any event, considering Edmonton's plight, isn't it silly of us to fret about the suburban problem children we have on our hands?

REPLY TO CONCERNING EDMONTON

Editor, Citizen: After reading the article, "Aren't Suburbs Annoying?" in your Thursday, October 16, edition, I could not help wondering why the average "Easterner" is so well-informed regarding the West—even the editor of an Eastern newspaper. Before I proceed further, if your alibi is that you obtained your information from the Calgary Herald, let me shake a cautioning finger at you and advise that you tread carefully—the ugly Serpent of Jealousy will raise its head occasionally even in a good paper like the Herald.

Now to give you a little "accurate" information regarding the city of Edmonton. Ottawa, as well as any other city in the Dominion, could learn much from this thriving Western city. Besides owning and operating its own waterworks, Edmonton has its own power, street car system, electric light and telephone system, thereby making the rates more reasonable, and I might add that their efficiency ranks second to none when compared to any city in Canada.

As for feeling so sorry for the poor people who live in Edmonton's suburbs regarding their long trips to

EVERGREEN
and GOLD

A year book with every last student in it—that's the aim of Evergreen and Gold this year. And there's no reason why this object shouldn't be attained: the cost of getting your picture in Evergreen and Gold is small enough when compared to the benefits derived therefrom. A year book is, like a student newspaper, the reflection of school spirit in a concrete form; all your doings, your games, your dances and, we hope, all your friends are recorded in it. No one can deny the pleasure derived from such a book in years to come—the memories it recalls, the events it brings back. Insure, then, that you are included with your class in Evergreen and Gold—even if you don't intend to get a copy, thank of what it will mean to your friends. Evergreen and Gold is your year book; be sure you do your part to put it across.

Freshmen. Those of you who have not returned your proofs to the studio are asked to do so at once. The year book staff cannot proceed with the class lay-outs until every proof is in. Do your bit in helping to get Evergreen and Gold out on time this year by returning your proofs early.

Sophes and Juniors.—Shop early and avoid the rush; less than two weeks remain in which to have your photos taken. Remember the way to fill out your year book slip: one full Christian name, all initials and, of course, full surname.

Seniors.—You have all of November in which to have your photos taken. Fill out your names in full on the year book slip—all Christian names and surname must be there in their entirety. On the back of the slip write a brief biography of your stay at Varsity; don't make it too long, but, on the other hand, be sure you put something down. Include sports, club, executives, Philharmonic, Gateway, year book, debating, drama, O.T.C. (if in possession of rank, i.e., sergeant and above), fraternity, etc. Above all, be sure you state your degree correctly.

city hall—well, you are being too hard on your tear ducts, dear editor. A half-hour ride on the street car will take you from the furthest corner of town, and all for the small sum of five cents, straight fare. Have you ever taken the street car to Britannia, Rockcliffe, Eastview, Billings Bridge, etc., etc.?

You quote large house numbers as proof of the too-much-spread predicament you are lamenting. Would you believe it—a house bearing the number 10203 106th St., for instance, is only about five minutes' walk from the heart of the city. Edmonton was smart enough to make use of the modern idea of numbering its streets instead of naming them for all its great-aunts. Tourists (the more intelligent, of course) can locate numbered streets much easier than named streets and therefore do not create the civic problem of taking up the busy traffic officer's time. Then, too, you mention the long distance between neighbors—the distance again very badly over-estimated, I would say. However, it must be admitted that even now when most cities are suffering from a state of over-crowdedness, in Edmonton they are not living like the proverbial chicken in the hen coop. As an added advantage—on the 1st of May there is no mad rush for the "country," since all the citizens can get enough fresh air on their own front lawns.

Remember Edmonton is the gateway to our great North—and who knows, some day its population may be equal to that of Chicago or thereabouts.

Why is it always the Calgarian, and never the Edmontonian (who has to put up with such so-called outlandish conditions) who does all the complaining?—Mrs. R. E. Smith, Sunnyside Ave., Ottawa, Oct. 17, 1941.

Bill Hudson
Arts' Guardian

Every university has institutions, or is supposed to have. Sometimes they may be some odd custom or apparatus which is developed into tradition or institution. It might even be an inconvenience which is so chronic that students become addicted to it, as the English are supposed to have adopted the bath. Sometimes even a person may be adopted by the students as their mascot. Of course, there arises the classical example of Mr. Chips. However, the institution which I am about to propose does not have exactly the same characteristics or opportunities of the famed Mr. Chips. Bill Hudson is not an especially outstanding man except to those who know where and how to look for him. He is one of those modest people who insist on remaining in the background, which is all right at times when there is somebody else to shine. In fact, Bill even helps

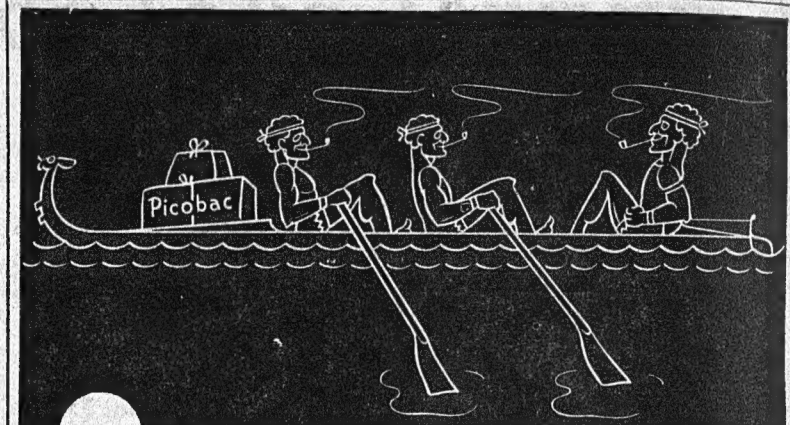
other people to shine in greater glory.

"Who is he?" you ask. Why, Bill is the white-coated gentleman who usually is somewhere around when some big event takes place in Convocation Hall. But this isn't helping others to shine, you say. No, but his other day to day work does. He is chief janitor of this University. He directs the efforts of some twelve others in making the buildings liveable and comfortable for the benefit of the staff and students. But, please don't get the idea that supervision is all that Bill does; for the most part he is working along with his cohorts at the same tasks.

Bill has been with us for eighteen years, since 1923 in fact. During that

time he has seen a great many students pass through these halls. Therefore I humbly asked him his opinion of students in general. To which he replied that the students on the whole are a pretty good bunch of fellows.

Apart from his regular duties, Bill is often called on for help for certain activities of our student life, viz., the house dances, Philharmonic practices and performances, and Dramatic presentations. To these Bill gives his willing and useful assistance. For his kindly, genial manner to all and sundry, for his invaluable aid regularly shown students in their comparatively brief sojourn here, Bill Hudson has become one of the honored and revered institution of good old U. of A.



Jason searched the world to find that herb of peace
Which we call "Picobac" but they called "Golden Fleece".

What but Picobac could have sustained the Argonauts upon their tortuous voyaging? And what but Picobac can console the tedium of retracing their mythical wanderings? To secure a supply of Picobac—that mild, cool, sweet smoke—no journey would be too long. But you, fortunately, can procure it for a most modest outlay at the corner store.

HANDY SEAL-TIGHT POUCH - 15c
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also packed in Pocket Tins

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UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Co-ed Parade

Campus Poll Causes Sensation In More Ways Than One

No doubt you noticed the two quaint ballot boxes which The Gateway proudly displayed at the class elections last week. Into these receptacles more than 350 students saw fit to deposit their final word on ten questions which were believed to be pertinent to the average college goer. That this novel questionnaire met with success is to underestimate it greatly. We received all sorts and conditions of answers which proved that the campus is fairly teeming with witty souls who we just wish we could nab for this paper.

Results of this gallop poll tend to make us boldly predict that Robert "Big Time" Freeze will be the most sought after male this Waw Waw Weekend. Bob, who to more than a dozen co-eds exemplifies the grid iron type was frequently named as the perfect gift for Christmas. Sharing honors with him were Les Wilcox, another grid iron star, and Don Marshall, who to several girls resembles most closely the big brother type. Brian "Gubby" Gore, Del Foote and Corwin Pine were also mentioned as typical types preferred by the girls.

Girls, Waw Waw dating should be a push-over, because there are 82 males who desire girl friends, and as one aptly put it, a "bit of loving," and 24 girls who stated they wanted a man. Of the men, eight want Hedy Lamarr, three desire Dorothy Lamour, and the same number Betty Grable, while others stated they wanted Virginia Thompson, Thelma Davis, Mary Bass, and oodles of glamor girls and the down-to-earth pally type. Others put it: "Find us a combination and bring on the preacher."

The students' waking thoughts are not concerned chiefly with work, judging from the fact that of 100 girls who used the franchise, only a paltry 11 desire a pass in their Christmas exams, and of these five won't be happy unless same is accompanied with milk coats, diamonds, bracelets, caviar, etc. Thirty-four boys would be satisfied with a few measly thirds, bolstered up with a crock; four males would be happy to be exempt from army training, which is a good time to say that 75 per cent. of the men branded

military training for women useless. Not a few described it as stupid, but very amusing and confusing. Of the few who favored the girls' drilling, one lad said he liked it cause his maw said "it keeps them off the street." Others said the only benefit derived was sore feet, which prevent the girls from running around so much, and thereby is a saving on somebody's pocketbook. Still another male said the only good from marching was the psychological benefit comparable to three-year-olds playing with lead soldiers. One of our stalwarts advocated no less than twelve hours a week.

Sixty-six per cent. of all those who voted—both boys and girls—favored a patriotic corsage made up of less expensive flowers. One answer (presumably a male) was, "I like a war-time corsage with no expense and no flowers." Another chap said, "If you were to ask me, ask for my pamphlet No. 13 entitled 'Corsages—Bah or Foo to Flowers.'" One worthy suggestion put forth was to use the funds ordinarily spent on floral tributes for funds for medical supplies for wounded soldiers.

In spite of your opinions, jive does not go with formal dress, despite the assertion by a Calgarian that the two things go well together in the cow-town. One sage has informed us that the ancient Greeks were hep-cats by quoting dear old Plutarch as saying, "He who jiveth is verily an antisocial being." Another chappie said, "Down on the farm we call that there jive and formal stuff a Hoe-Down." In the words of another soul, "Jive and formal dress go about as well together as a fan dance and the House of Lords."

The girls are of a mind that beanie look ridiculous on the men. The boys are for the most part agreed that comfort is more prevalent than style in co-ed campus clothes. An overwhelming "yes" was given to the suggestion that the Conga, Americana, and Square dances (Hull's Victory, by its new name) be introduced on our college dance floors. Many said that what we need is violent reformation instead of renaissance in the terpsichorean art, and that it's high time we smartened up.

The problems of others bore us all, but as one fellow said, "It depends on whose problem she is, or on how much one loves her." "Smoking a pipe makes a man seem more masculine," say about half the girls, while the remainder are only mildly perturbed by the vile smelling smoke which seems to exude from so many pipes. The greater number of the boys stated that smoking doesn't detract from a woman's femininity, providing of course that she smokes her own cigarettes. One male prefers a zoo scene to a girl smoking a cigarette in conjunction with a coke. Others favor a girl smoking if she doesn't drop her eyes and her cigarettes at the same time. The majority say a fem is a fem whether she smokes or not.

About the problem of whether you girls are doubtful where handsome men are concerned, one aptly asked, "But where are they concerned?" Several said, "Of course we aren't doubtful," and intimated that this was hardly a worry at this University. On the other hand, the men are only afraid of pretty girls if they are in love with them. One chap, who says he is from the farm and prefers Barnyard Bessie, says, "You don't need to be afraid of them at the U. of A."

We were swamped with ideas for "What do you want for Christmas?" A multitude of things were wanted, varying all the way from "A date with Brother Azarius" to the "Skin of whoever drew up this questionnaire."

Among the girls there are six who want a diamond, twenty-four who want a man, and of these, one would be contented with a basketball star, which she believes should be in season then. Twelve co-eds want Freeze and other campus males, while the rest won't specify their wishes beyond a mere man. Lots of girls will be satisfied if Santy coughs up with cars, fur coats, jewelry, evening wraps, and so on.

Among the men, eighteen (Engineers?) would enjoy Christmas with glamor and Scotch plus all the other well-known brands of liquid giggles. A very greedy male asks for a blue Cadillac with cream-colored upholstery, a pretty girl and a million dollars. Still another would like a nice affectionate brunette, with a nice chesterfield, the family away and the car left at home. Several males would feel life was worth living if only Mr. Claus could leave them with a harem and a brewery. One hundred and fifty of the males want money or nothing. Others want a rubber dolly, a son, a gummet, a battleship that works, hot tomali, a meccano set, a teddy bear, and even one poor lad asks for a cowboy suit.

Then there was the girl who stated her ideal gift would be a key to Pembina. Last minute Xmas suggestions are Lana Turner in a sweater, and as the gift of gifts, we think any self-respecting male should cry with joy on getting a tie, five firsts, a Buick, a week of undisturbed sleep, the "Peace" and anything else he desires.

SOMETHING SMART



Although rugby is over for this season on the Alberta campus, in other parts of the college world campus games are still giving the co-eds a chance to shine. Here is what we call a "smart" outfit—coon cap, tan and fine wool dress. The "take apart corsage" that turns into pompadour and date dress decorations after the game is over, are new for fair football fans. This co-ed wears white dahlias in place of the traditional chrysanthemum adorned with her college colors, for us green and gold.

GOOSE vs GANDER

Waw Waw Weekend, Sadie Hawkins' Day, or whatever else you want to call it, means the time for all wise women to get that hunter's gleam in their eye and get on a man's hunt, either on foot or telephone.

Now, girls, the fellow that smiles when you waltz into a lecture, you know how they do; or the other one that took you to Tuck last week, or tagged you half-a-dozen times at the House Dance Saturday night—he probably thinks you're a little bit of all right; so phone him up and tell him that it's "Waw Waw" speaking and would he like to go roller skating. Or if the man you choose is the operative type, "The Chocolate Soldier" opens Thursday night.

Friday night the decision of what to do is left to you. The ganders might appreciate a dance overtown, or suggest a quiet evening at his place, where he makes the coffee, or even a casual date in Tuck.

Don't be afraid to ask someone new out—after all, the males always have to do it, and I don't think they mind.

When phoning for your date for the Waw Waw Dance Saturday night, you might casually ask what size shirt he wears, as if you were beginning your Christmas shopping, because, as you know, the bigger the neck, the deeper you dig into Dad's pocket. You men of the elephant or giraffe-necked type should see our physical training instructor for neck reducing exercises, because we "geese" would certainly appreciate it.

Seems to me the prevalent situation is the same as that before the Wauwata. I'm sure you've seen groups of boys here, groups there, in the Arts rotunda, in the Med rotunda, in Tuck; and as soon as a comely "femme-sem" happens near, they all smile expectantly, hopefully. And when one stops, "Oh, happy day!"

You lads just think Waw Waw Weekend is the time a stray gal picks out a stray man and tries to hook him—now, don't you? But we really, honestly like to take you out once in a while and let you know what and how we think. All you have to do is to be dressed and ready when she arrives. Don't worry about a thing—it's her show.

And so, "geese," all males are susceptible to a little attention, so call for him on time, and don't forget to hold his coat, pick up the street car transfers, and hold doors for him. It's a chance that comes once a year—so get busy on that telephone!

DATES WANTED

Owing to present revolutionary tendencies seen to be developing in our midst, of which the chief result has been that a gander can't be seen unless he's goosed, the following birds wish to announce that they will be free today and today only for Tuck, show and dance engagements:

Bob Macbeth	Phone 82065
Cec Lewis	Phone 22929
Brian R. B. Gore	Phone 32489
Gilbert Blackstock	Phone 31798
Al Smith	Phone 31273
Cliff Smith	Phone 31631
George Smith	Phone 32727
Ken Smith	Phone 72768
Gord Smith	Phone 24082

Date early to avoid the rush.
P.S.—Please remember Gubby.

Advice to The Goslings Letter to Dorothy Ducks

Dear Dorothy Ducks:

I have a very great problem on my hands. A young lady has just phoned me and asked me to go to a dance where they charge five cents per inch of neck. Should I accept? My mother has brought me up right, but this girl is respectable. If I accept, how should I act during the evening? If you will inform me I will be obliged.

—Perplucked.

Dear Perplucked:

No wonder your feathers are standing on end at the thought of such a strange situation. I advise you to accept, however, or you may receive a white feather. Some words of advice:

You resort will call for you. Do not rush when she honks, but you make take a gander from behind the curtains. Remember to quack ap-

preciatively when she opens doors for you. She will pay all your expenses, the little goose.

When you are dancing, try not to waddle, and, above all, remember that the goose-step is definitely unfashionable. While eating, keep in mind that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

If you are no longer an ugly duckling, do not be surprised when she kisses you good-night. She will put the key in the lock and see you safely into the house. Mother will likely be waiting for you, so ask the goose for your cigarette case, and gently but firmly say good-night.

A last word. Be sure your neck is clean above your collar if it is to be measured. And don't make any quacks about the goose's get-up.

—Dorothy Ducks.

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Turn to Refreshment

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

A little minute is long enough for a big rest when you drink an ice-cold bottle of "Coca-Cola". So when you pause throughout the day, make it the pause that refreshes with ice-cold "Coca-Cola".

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CO-ED COMMENTS--Your Fashions Madam

Feminine

Well, another week has gone by, and here we are again, brimming over with things to tell you—all about what our campus critics are wearing, where they got 'em and what not!

Guess practically everyone was at the last rugby game played here. To us it seemed a lot more like the football games you see in the movies—you know Harvard playing Yale, coon coats, shaggy yellow mums, cheer leaders leaping and shouting, and green freshmen making remarks to the effect that the numbers on the players' backs were price tags, and all that sort of thing. Did you notice the cute freshie co-eds selling pennants, peanuts, etc. (our sales resistance broke down, too). Lots of bright zippy jacket and skirt combinations were seen that day. We spied a giddy little necklace of chocolate brown suede flowers. It de-

finitely did things to a biege sweater. Another young miss was smartness personified in an aquamarine tweed suit featuring a shirtmaker collar and long jacket, completing the picture, she wore brown suede pumps, a samel's hair coat carelessly flung about her shoulders and field glasses on a strap!

W'd like to mention some of the very gala-looking gowns seen at the Wauwata (if you can think back that far). Among them was a chalk white jersey gown featuring a long fitted bodice and full skirt—the kind Circe might have worn, had she thought of it. Startling with it, was a semi-formal. We caught one, a sylph-conscious youth giving an aping-praising once over to a belle-of-the-ball dress with a fitted bodice of claret colored velvet and a swirling skirt of palest pink net. Another (Continued on Page 5)



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When You "Go Formal"

EATON'S PRESENTS
Evening Clothes
of Distinction!

Suave smartness of men's "tuxedos" or "tails"—combining finest materials with faultless tailoring—finished off with the correct accessories, assembled for easy choosing in EATON'S Men's Wear Department.

And for the co-ed, of course, all that's glamorous and lovely for those "big" evenings in a girl's life! From shining slippers to the curled ostrich plume in her hair, a girl is a dream of loveliness and a fashion plate into the bargain when she chooses at EATON'S!

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WESTERN

A BOOK REVIEW—"Out of the People"

It is easy to make sounds about democracy. It is not easy to make sense about democracy. Mr. Priestley makes sense—and a great deal of it. He makes sense, first of all, about the issue of this war. The division, says Mr. Priestley, is not between any of the usual pairs of verbal opposites: the ideological humpies-dumplings. It is not a division between the capitalists and the communists or the fascists and the capitalists. It is a division between those who trust the people and those who do not trust the people: between those to whom the people are the people in need of nothing but themselves, and those to whom the people are the masses with the masses' need of masters. It is a division, that is to say, between those who believe that the people can make a better world for themselves than any party or elite or dictator can make for them, and those who believe that the dream of the people is over and that only the bright boys of the party or the strong boys of the shirts can save the world. This is a sensible way to put the business for two reasons: first, it is true; second, it corresponds to actual things. It draws a line where the line is, not where the collective nouns would put it.

Mr. Priestley's book is, in its essence, a declaration that the wartime unity of Britain is precisely such a unity. British unity, in other words, is not the kind of ad-hoc unity dictated by the war, the pure negative unity, which certain of our more timid publicists would like to see concocted in America. It is unity for not unity against. And the thing it is for is the most deeply

affirmative, the most profoundly positive, of all the causes of mankind.

Mobilization of a democratic people to resist fascism need not necessarily involve, as some have tried to tell us that it must, the surrender of democracy, but may have precisely the opposite effect—has indeed had precisely the opposite effect in the one democratic country which has actually made the attempt. "For nearly twenty years," says Mr. Priestley, "we have been told . . . by our political theorists, that the term democracy has ceased to mean anything, and that it was time we stopped using it. But now it seems to me that it is one of the very few political terms that do mean anything. You can see a future for it."

Mr. Priestley's book is not limited to a report of things seen and felt in the England of 1941. It goes on to a lucid and exciting account of the directions in which, as Mr. Priestley sees it, the British awakening, the new British democracy might move. But exciting as all this is, the principal interest of the book—and it is a very great interest indeed—lies in the well and convincingly reported fact that the people of England are uniting, not merely to resist the fascists, but to counter fascist with the not-yet-achieved, the often deferred, and never defeated Revolution of the People which was the American past—which may, if Mr. Priestley is right, become again the American future. From the Archibald MacLeish review of J. B. Priestley's "Out of the People" in "The New Republic."

A HISTORY

By J. W. Huggill, K.C.

The Royal Military College of Canada came into being when Lord Dufferin was Governor-General and Alexander MacKenzie led a Liberal government at Ottawa. The latter had in his earlier years worked on the building of Fort Henry. This old martello tower stands in the College grounds where ships were built to control the lake. Hence the "Stone Frigate," a building in the College grounds where gentlemen cadets reside and the term publication, R.M.C. Review, gets its title, the "log of the old Stone Frigate."

Many notable men have paid tribute to the work of this institution. Founded under a Liberal regime, Sir John A. Macdonald, the succeeding Prime Minister, did not hesitate to speak well of it in 1888:

"I must give credit to those who were the means of establishing the College, because they have proved to be more far-seeing in the matter than their opponents."

Modelled upon Sandhurst-Woolwich and West Point, it is the only national educational institution in Canada.

A high scientific and academic education is the goal aimed at with due regard for practical application to the needs of ordinary civil life. Cadets are taught to read intelligently, write and speak coherently, reason logically and observe accurately.

Huxley's axiom, "The best result of education is acquired power of making yourself do what you ought to do, when you ought to do it,—whether you like it or not," is realized here. The College builds character; it makes leaders. Its honor is a tangible responsibility assumed by the original class of June, 1876, "The Old Eighteen."

The late Earl Grey, Governor-General, said in 1911: "I regard the Royal Military College as one of the formative influences for good on the national character. It turns out men who hit hard, but hit fair—above the belt every time, men who would rather lose a game playing fairly than win an advantage by dishonorable means. The influence which radiates from the College is that of a clean-handed, single-souled, generous manliness."

Entry to the College as a recruit is a highly competitive privilege. In addition to evidence of mental capacity, candidates must pass a rigid physical examination before the medical board of the military district in which they respectively reside. The best all-round candidates are chosen as recruits by a representative board at Ottawa. Notified of their selection, they report to the College for duty. After an intensive physical training of the first three months, they are passed as fit to walk out of the College grounds in "blue undress" uniform.

The photograph, taken by a fellow recruit, of one who subsequently took science degrees from Alberta University, needs no support. Is he happy! The joy and pride is there. He is in the army now. He will get out of the College all he puts into it and more—much more.

The Nazi political phrase: Und willst du nicht mein Bruder sein, Dann Schlag ich dir den schaedel ein (And if you won't be my brother, I'll crack your skull), has no terrors for our recruit. He has a better outlook—Truth, Duty, Valour. So much does the College motto enter into his life for your years—from the obstacle race of the recruit year to the final parade as one of the senior class—that these fundamental principles become inviolably part of him. Whatever the future may have, he can do no other than serve his country when and where she calls him. "He profits most who serves the best."

The record of service to Canada and the Empire is the proudest tradition of the College today. The memory of two ex-cadets who gave their immortality on the same day in the first Great War is stirred by their heroism—one, a Major-General, died leading his division at Gallipoli, the other while serving in the ranks of a battalion of Guards in Flanders. In these times of peace the gentlemen cadets form the first Regiment in Canada and take their place on the right of the line. R.M.C. ceremonial drill is as fine a display as any, not excepting the British Brigade of Guards. Many have been thrilled by the movie picture, "Precision," and by presence at "Trooping the colour" during the graduation exercises. The importance of "thoroughness" is stressed throughout.

A Major-General of the British Army recorded officially in 1899: "The Royal Military College, Kingston, is second to no military school in the world; not only as to its curriculum, but also as to the character of the men it has sent out."

The appointments of "Colonel-in-Chief" of the two senior branches of the British Army, viz., Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, were held concurrently by ex-cadets of R.M.C. Succeeding Governor-Generals

have not hesitated to express themselves wholeheartedly after what they saw upon their visits to the College. "One of the finest nurseries of good citizenship imaginable, one of the best general educational institutions I have seen in any country." Displaying an interest, not only in the College but in the cadets themselves.

The Memorial Arch unveiled June, 1924, was erected by the Association of Ex-Cadets. "To the glorious memory of the ex-cadets of the Royal Military College of Canada who gave their lives for the Empire."

Beneath the curve of a beautiful arch, I stood and thought I saw them march.

It is more than a memorial to gallant men; it is the sign and symbol of a people's soul, a beacon of light to the youth of our Canadian nation.

"Hark how the drums beat up again for all true soldiers. Gentlemen!"

A Dissertation

Browsing through a literature book the other night, I happened upon a passage by Thos. Carlyle entitled "What's the Use?" Perhaps I can remember it.

"What is hope? A smiling rainbow. Children follow through the wet. 'Tis not here, 'tis yonder, yonder. Never urchin found it yet."

Beautiful poetry, but a very unprogressive attitude. At the outset, are we, the youths of today, the leaders of tomorrow, going to adhere to this flowery but pessimistic doctrine? The gauntlet is at your feet, boys; pick it up and flourish it in his face. Be an agnostic if you will, but be an honest one. Do not be a sour sceptic, seeing good in nothing and nothing good in anything.

The eccentricities of a disillusioned man are permeating the consciousness of those upon whose moral attitude the destinies of this nation rest. For with the death of Hope comes the cessation of all that is fine and good. Poetry and prose would dwindle to insidious propaganda. Art would grovel at the feet of the sensualist, and science would degenerate to alchemy. Hope is that inherent instinct which leads people to try to better themselves or their conditions. In a word, to strive for Utopia. Which is only a different and better place to live than our present set up. According to ancient legend, there is a cryptic message over the Gates of Hell which reads something like this: Abandon hope all ye who enter here. The inference is clear. With the loss of hope, life would cease; but what is life?

According to Carlyle:

"What is life? A thawing iceberg on a sea with sunny shore. Gay we sail, it melts beneath us. We are sunk, and sail no more."

It would be a very dead world if we didn't like to live. Very dead. Life is that spark of God which has ascended from the lowly Amoeba to Man, the Genus Homosapien, through process of evolution. It seeks to get a greater awareness of itself by its aim of greater power and greater knowledge. Without life the world would be abandoned to the protozoa and parasites. To abandon life would be to abandon societies, constitutions and nations. The life blood of a nation is her youth. Are we going to be abandoned? To stop life would be to stop Man. But what is Man?

The poet puts it this way: "What is man? A foolish baby, Vainly strives and fights and frets, Demanding all, deserving nothing, One small grave is all he gets."

Man lives that he may die. What a cold, inhuman, cynical outlook! Digenes has a protegee. He has missed the fineness of life. He has missed all the sounds, sights, loneliness and companionship, hate and love, romance and science of this world. He has missed the entire meaning of our existence. The eternal striving, pushing, shoving, grasping humanity. Even a cold, hard, dyed-in-the-wool scientist will contend this point. In the world lies our future, our existence, and if you will, our Utopia. Life beats out its eternal tattoo on this sphere of ours. Men are killed, babies are born. With each disaster, Man musters his legions and builds anew to greater heights. Out of each catastrophe a new stone is laid under the foundation of Good. Every act of sedition violence of one set of men against another fosters new hope for sons and daughters.

The future is ours. Let us hold onto it and cherish it. For in our future lies hope. Hope that we may live as we please. And in the future lie goals of unseen intelligence where Man can gear the wheel of scientific development with the wheel of human endeavor.

JONATHAN SCAPIN.

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AN ESSAY

God gave women lips. In so doing He gave some of them the most fiendish of weapons, while upon others he bestowed an ecstasy-giving instrument whose very caress inspires men to scale the highest pinnacle of success. There are countless varieties of lips—some are cruel, some are sweet, others are unexpressive or sneering, while yet others are passionate or poisonous—and there are hosts of others. Feminine lips rock thrones and sway the world with their desires and commands. Nations rise and fall compelled by a single pair of lips. Their power is unlimited and unfathomable.

Generally speaking, the types of women's lips fall into three classes. First of all, there are those lips that destroy and burn hotly, not with the fire of honest love, but with the consuming fire of destruction. Secondly, there are those lips that are passive, unexpressive, and unimportant; and thirdly, there is that noble class of wholesome, succulent, strength-giving lips.

Eve began it all when, in her fig leaf garment and with her moist passionate lips, she tempted Adam and thus shattered paradise forever for mankind. Since Eve's time many other women have used their lips thus as an instrument of destruction. When the great Alexander fell, it was in the midst of a revelry of these lips, and he had drunk too much of the sweet, poisonous nectar.

Centuries ago France grew weak, and the people revolted under the assault of the voluptuously cruel lips of Madame de Pompadour. As the strength flowed out of Louis the Fifteenth, so Madame Pompadour became stronger, for what is a kiss but a suck, and a suck but a drain, and so from a man to the empty shell of a man. Madame Pompadour possessed Louis and used him as suited her desires. Today France is a fallen nation because Reynaud considered a kiss but a kiss. He didn't know that a kiss can be a bite and the bite infected. Lips, and lips only, caused the downfall of France and Reynaud.

In Roumania another woman's lips has recently shaken a throne, causing a king to abdicate. King Carol loved the thrill and ecstasy of the kisses bestowed upon him by the lips of Madame Lupescu, and he drank deeply of the distilled nectar exuding from the lips of his mistress. In fact, he became intoxicated, and while he was this way, he did things that no man and, moreover, no king

should do. Among other things that he did, he abdicated.

Even now a great army of lips lure men by their strange magic and conjuring, contriving to perform dastardly deeds, to wreck homes and betray not only wives, but nations.

This, however, is but one class of lips.

Some lips are, as I have said, passive and unimportant. Of course, they are not like this during the complete lifetime of a pair of lips, but for a period of time only, for who would say that a woman had never loved, and that she had not at any time longed to use her lips for good or for bad to appease to some extent a universal desire. However, the women whose lips fit into this class have been thwarted in their efforts and desires, and they have acknowledged defeat by withdrawing themselves from the struggle; their lips remain in a dormant state, not harming the world or civilization, but on the other hand, not aiding it. This class of lips demands and contributes nothing, and is therefore unimportant.

The last class of all includes those wonderful lips that give life and strength, and whose caress alone is full and complete living. These lips are wholesome lips, and they are virtuous lips. They contain strong passion, yes, but it is a noble inspiring passion that benefits mankind. These lips are essential to civilization.

A girl contemplates marriage with a boy and, knowing that she is going to be his eventually, she offers to him as a sample of her wares a pair of willing-to-work lips. Needless to say, the boys enjoys immensely this enchanting glimpse of future treasures, and civilization is insured for a generation at least.

No man can work to full and complete capacity unaided by a pair of feminine lips. An unfortunate husband stirs restlessly at night in his bed, and when the beams of the moon creep in to comfort him, he looks quizzically over at the pale, dead, passionless lips of his wife; the next day he leaves on a somewhat vague hunting trip. Business must suffer. (Bye, Baby Bunting, Daddy's gone a-hunting.)

A woman's kiss can be the greatest of inspirations, even though among other thoughts comes the inspiration to kiss her again, but after all, two kisses are no more harmful than one. How great a hero would Lord Nelson have been without the kisses of Lady Hamilton, how successful a poet would Robert Browning have been unaided by the lips of Elizabeth Barrett Browning? And there are countless other ex-

A SHORT STORY

It was dark on the terrace, but inside the dancers twirled in light. Faint bubbles of their laughter came floating through the scented air. For lilacs were blooming, and their delicate perfume was as sweet as the sudden wisp of scent from the kerchief of the lovely lady in the shadows. Near her stood an R.A.F. officer, tall and dark, with the conventional polished air of an English gentleman, and eyes that had seen death.

Now he looked at life abundant in the face of the Canadian girl gazing up at him flirtatiously. She was a petite lass, with a pixie look and the scent of lilacs in her coppery hair. As she twisted one of the buttons of his tunic round and round, she knew that the dim light fell just so that it would catch the sparkle of her eyes through her long lashes. Slowly she looked up, then with the shyness of only a born coquette, she looked at the button again. Englishmen are the same as Canadians, she thought. It just takes longer to break them down.

She let go of the button, shivered slightly, and murmured something about going in. It was then that he lived up to her expectations and took her in a long embrace.

It was dark on the road, and the cheery light coming from the farmhouse window made the young soldier walking along the highway feel even lonelier. As he passed the gate, he heard strains of dance music coming over the radio; he paused to listen and rest. He had missed the last bus into the little prairie town two miles away, and not wanting to read in the meagre library or drink in the crowded canteen, he had left the camp and

(Continued on Page 6)

amples of success aided by women's lips. In fact, it is not overstating the truth to say that success cannot be obtained without the assistance of these lips. It is the lips of women that inspire husbands to noble and successful undertakings.

Today great women wield powerful and strength-giving lips, and the ultimate ruler of nations is, in fact, queen of the boudoir.

And so, in conclusion, we see that there are no limits to the power of evil, or to the power of good, of the lips' red charm.

—J. W. Payne.

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Here Britain Finds Strength

Reprinted from "London Calling"

When the stark facts and phraseology of the official Army Manuals are quite forgotten, the teachings of Sergeant Nelson will be affectionately remembered. He is the perfect type of the modern sergeant. "Made up" in 1940 after fifteen years in the regular army, he has been giving himself, bit by bit, body and soul, to England. Egypt has his left leg; China has his ring-finger; he left his front teeth in Palestine. There remains of him little to kill; leather upon bone; a reckless air; a swinging swagger; and an upper-lip like a guillotine which chops off irregular lengths of rough and memorable language.

Sergeant Nelson introduces himself with a kind of speech. He outlines, in five minutes, the whole training and duty of a soldier:

"Look at me. Take a good look at me. Do you know who I am? I'm Sergeant Nelson. I'm a nice feller. I'm the best feller in the world. I am, if you work with me. But call me Pig, and I'm Pig all through."

"You've all come out of jobs in Civvy Street for the duration. If there wasn't a war on you wouldn't have joined this mob. But there is a war on. Definitely. And you want to fight, and quite right, too. But there is fighting and fighting. Savages can fight. But I've seen twenty of my fellows hold a thousand and savages. Why? Because my boys were trained and disciplined, and the savages were definitely not. Trained and disciplined. Get that? But Nazis are trained and disciplined. Yes. But there's discipline and discipline. Our idea of discipline is this: to get you so that you can absolutely rely on each other to do the proper thing at a given moment, but also to encourage you to use your own initiative."

"From the first going off, you've got to do exactly what you're told. Definitely. Why? Because you're civilians as yet, and as such don't know anything. If you're kids at school and you teacher says C-A-T spells Cat, you don't turn round and say, 'Please, teacher, C-A-T spells Rhinoceros,' do you? Definitely not."

"Therefore, while you are learning your ABC in this place you simply listen. When you begin to learn a bit you can argue if you like. I'm here to teach you. Don't be afraid of asking questions; that's what I'm here for. I'll demonstrate it a thousand times, but you've got to learn the stuff thoroughly."

(But how can one convey the personality of the man, as he bites that word off, and cuts the air with a slashing backhand gesture?)

"You'll begin with a lot of drill. It's hard work, and boring. But thousands have done it before, and thousands will do it again. Drill gets you co-ordinated and sharpens up the way you react. It makes you quick to pick up a word of command, and helps you to move together. It also gives you confidence and physical fitness, and a fine easy soldier's carriage. You will also do a good deal of P.T. (physical training) to get some of that civilian softness off you. You'll learn Unarmed Combat, which is rough-house fighting, so as to enable you to take on anybody or anything with or without weapons; it gives you courage and strength, and that's what it definitely takes to win a war."

"You won't like the food. Not at first. But by the day after tomorrow you'll scoff it and love it. You won't like the beds; they're hard. But by the time I'm through with you, you'll sleep like curly lambs. You'll rise at six; wash, shave, make up beds, swap up the hut, and have breakfast. Parades will be from eight till about five. Get it? You'll do drill, P.T., weapon-training, and a hundred and one other things."

"You'll learn every part of your rifles, and how to tend them like new-born babes, and how to fire with them so that you can put a bullet where you want it to go. You'll learn how to fight with bayonets, from High Port to Butt-Stoke and Kill, and then some. You'll learn how to take a Bren Gun to pieces and reassemble it in a few seconds, and how to mow men down with it. You'll learn how to bring down aircraft. You'll learn how to aim and fire a mortar so as to drop a bomb just where you want it to fall."

"You'll learn how to march. You'll learn how to lug a pack forty miles, and jump over a five-bar gate at the end of it. You'll learn how to dig a trench, and revet it, and do all that's necessary with barbed wire, from Double Apron fencing up and down the scale. You'll learn how to give a fire-order, and how to judge distances, and how to observe things, and how to advance. You'll learn just how to crawl on your belly like a snake, and move at night so quietly that you'll put your hands on sleeping weasels. Definitely. You'll learn how to camouflage yourselves by day—the gentle art of keeping stock-still, my friends, and choosing your backgrounds so you'll be invisible at twenty yards in glaring sunlight."

"You'll learn how to handle an anti-tank rifle. You'll be drilled with your respirators until you're fed up with the sight of them, and you'll do marching with them on; and you'll learn all about gas, just in case."

"You'll learn how to move in sections, and what to do in any possible event at any possible time. You'll learn to keep your mincepies open on sentry-go. You'll learn how to find your way home with nothing but a map to go by."

"These are just some of the things you'll learn. Every fact I know I'll hammer into your pretty little heads."

"Above all, you'll learn to muck in. You'll learn to depend on yourselves, and on each other. You'll learn that an army is just like one man; or should be. All for one, one for all. No lousy clockwork discipline here! But you've got to be clockwork, if necessary. There's more to soldiering than just learning things. And there's more to training than just instructing. I'll instruct you, and train you; but the main part of your training will come from yourselves. You'll train one another. Good soldiering will become a habit with you fellows. The time'll come when you won't have to be chivvied into a proper rank; you'll instinctively get your dressing; you won't feel comfortable unless you're standing in proper order, any more than you'd feel comfortable in Civvy Street with a dirty face. You'll march instinctively. And when it comes to fighting, so help me, in the front line with hell popping, you'll be free and easy together, but you'll remember to do what's correct without thinking about it. That's what discipline and training are really for."

"Do I make myself clear? Do I? We'll go on. I'm your pal. Any trouble come to me. I'm going to make soldiers out of you. Don't worry. You'll be terrible at first. I was, too. But you won't know yourselves before I'm done. I'll chase you. Don't take it to heart. I'll yell your head off. It's all part of the game. And remember! I'd shove you in the cooler if I had to on a point of procedure; but I'd die with you at the last ditch if need be. Definitely."

"Now, when I shout 'Hi-de-Hi' I want you to shout 'Ho-de-Ho.' In ten minutes I'm going to give you first taste of Hell on these Square. But first of all: 'Hi-De-Hi Squad!' 'Ho-De-Ho!' 'Good, now get outside and start to be soldiers.'"

CO-ED COMMENTS

(Continued from Page 3)

dress along similar lines featured a top of heartbreak pink velvet with a swishy skirt of stiff black net—but the eye-catchers on it were the three enormous pink velvet hearts, applied on what we thought was the skirt, but what really was a second skirt underneath! Sounds complicated but cunning! A black velvet dress with a lace top added an old-fashioned touch to the show, with its dropped waistline, long sleeves and hooped skirt. It's only simple logic to the feminine degree to suppose how one could turn on the wile power in such a dream dress!

Among the feminine fripperies seen about the campus lately, the strangest yet is a big fat tin curler (the kind you sleep in), painted red and worn as a lapel gadget. What won't they think of next? One gal must have really taken to heart our recent tip to make your own junk jewelry, for she painted a necklace of snail shells a brilliant green—the effect was quite something, except for a minor mishap—the paint hadn't quite dried and—well, you guess. Another necklace we've been meaning to tell you about is a chain of natural wood links and worn effectively with a putty biege sweater.

Some of the sweet young things have been sallying forth in cardigans, worn backwards. From the front it looks like a brand new pullover, and the buttoned-up back gives a new and different effect. Try it, you'll like it. Noted and approved was a sweater in the traditionally smart Argyle plaid, combining red and green blocks on a beige background, as authentically Scotch as the skirl o' the pipes. (P.S.—If you really crave one, you can get it at Eaton's.) A really tricky job and as tricky to explain is a reversible sweater, the front a brown suede, the back and V-neck of beige wool—reversed, it's beige suede on the back, brown wool front and—anyhow, we'll leave it to your imagination. Looks like it might have been imported from south of the border, but then you never know!

Jumpers are really on the jump here. We like a certain black corduroy one worn with a long sleeved white silk jersey blouse. Like its sweater, it is pert and practical, especially since it can be combined with almost any blouse in your wardrobe.

Well, girls, have fun on Waw Waw Weekend. Incidentally, why not try wearing that extra special occasion dress—it might pay dividends. So much for the fem's side.

Masculine.

And now we turn to the fancy pants angle. Incidentally, we'd like it known that we have no desire to usurp any of the male prerogatives—we won't attempt to advise you lads on clothes, only to comment on

THE FUTURE

In "Free World," Vol. I, No. 1:

"We in the democracies, fighting against extinction, face a task, whether in the war or at peace, of enormous difficulty. Our success, obviously, will depend upon unity. The only hope of achieving that unity is to discover our common interests and put those common interests in front of the interests, the doctrine, the sentiments, which conflict; to put first things first. Someone has said that clever people delight in emphasizing points of disagreement; wise people points of agreement. Let us be wise rather than clever."—Sir Norman Angell.

"To assure the maximum welfare for human individuals, democracy must not forget its basic tenet: that government exists for the individual, whether viewed as a distinctive personality or as a morally responsible member of society."—Quincy Wright.

"It seems to me, therefore, that there should be no disagreement (and in fact there is every advantage) that we declare here and now in general but emphatic terms the

your choice. Anyhow, it's a job that gets tougher every week!

We were particularly struck recently by one smoothie—a vision of sartorial elegance in cocanut-brown gabardine trousers, topped by a super heavy cable-knit sweater in a rich beige tone.

One of our male acquaintances is looking particularly debonair these frosty days in a very new winter top coat. It's a belted model with military pleat back, super-tailored in a heavy prominent herringbone.

It seems our local Lotharios are favoring white tie and tails this season. They were worn practically en masse at a recent formal. Also noted was their new longer-than-ever length.

In our recent "Gallop poll" the gals voted thumbs down on beanie for you males. However, to you downright ornery lads in the whirl of Waw Waw Weekend, we suggest you leave 'em at home. You look better hatless anyhow. And finally, here are a couple of other "don'ts" you might observe at such an important time. Don't be a human "gimme pig"; remember how you yourself feel on the subject. Don't prove yourself a bore by opening your mouth and putting your feasts in it at every opportunity—now that she controls the purse-strings she isn't likely to give you that wide-eyed, "aren't you wonderful" look. At this point, before betting too involved, we'll give up this Dorothy Dixing and call it quits for the week!

war aims and peace aims for which we in the belligerent countries have pledged our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor. For the past two decades we have paid much lip service to collective security and spoken of it as something very desirable; but we have never made any serious attempt to bring it about. But when victory comes, or before it comes, men and women in every land must think and plan; they must refashion present political, economic, and social ideas and systems so that at last that collective security may be established under whose shadow peace will find its dwelling place and man his true freedom."—Quo Tai-Chi.

"A people is defeated only if it accepts defeat."—Marshal Foch.

"At Doullens I found myself between two men. One was saying that we were lost; the other, pacing up and down like a madman, wanted to fight. I said to myself: 'Let us try Foch. At the very least he will die gun in hand.' I dismissed Petain, the sensible reasonable man, and

chose the madman, Foch. It was the madman who pulled us through."—Clemenceau.

"Finally, there is Stalin's morale. The essential quality of this cold and ruthless man is perseverance or tenacity. By that quality he has defeated men wiser and more brilliant than he. Apart from his own doggedness, he now feels the moral and physical power of the 'alliance,' as Winston Churchill frankly called it, with Great Britain. He knows, too, that behind Britain is the weight and friendship of the United States. Not only Stalin, but all Russia knows these facts, the Red Army and the people."—Walker Durant.

"It is true that we are concerned in this war with the liberation of the occupied states, with the defense of Great Britain and the whole of Europe against Pan-German domination, i.e., with military victory for political ends; but immeasurably more important are our moral and ideological aims. Germany must fall (Continued on Page Six)

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CAPITOL, Sat. to Fri., Nov. 8-14—"Life Begins for Andy Hardy," Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and Ann Rutherford. Special Armistice Preview, "Birds of the Blues," starring Bing Crosby and Mary Martin.
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GARNEAU, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 7-8—"I See Ice," George Formby; Dennis O'Keefe in "The Girl From Havana."
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Inter Season Lull Strikes Varsity Athletics

Review of Interfaculty Sports Provides Only News Item; Rugby Over, Hockey to Come

No Snow in Sunny Alberta, so Hockey Still in Organization Stage

There is a very definite lack of sporting activities on the campus these days, and it leaves the sport department with nothing to do. That's all very well and much to the good, and probably one might think that we should be thankful also; but the fact remains that there is a sport page to be put out, and that page has to be filled with sport, of which there is none, so where does that leave us? Anyway, the dear, sweet Editor said there must be a story written.

This being the in-between season, sport is at a low ebb, and that probably accounts for the Sports Editor, William P. Hewson, going about with a wild look in his eyes, and alternating between chewing his nails off and tearing his pretty lock of hair out by the roots.

Couldn't six or nine fellows go out behind the North Lab and put on a head-banging competition so that we William could write about a bone-head champion. This would be a fine dish for the Sports Editor. He could write for hours about it, and then the page would be filled, and Bill would once more be a happy lad. In the meantime, while waiting for such an event to come to pass (it had better come soon or one might see Hewson himself slipping out behind the North Lab), a few things can be said about interfac football and hockey.

This year was one of the most successful interfac football seasons in years. Much credit is due to Jack Jorgen. He saw that all games were run off on schedule, appointed a good referee, and laid down the law to the respective managers and coaches regarding rules and regulations.

Interest and rivalry was keen. Even the Meds-Pharm-Dents showed more spirit and interest than has been evident in the faculty for some time. They still want another crack at the Aggies, undefeated league champions, and maintain they can whip them.

One of the outstanding features of the league was the improved football played by these teams, particularly the Aggies and Meds. All the clubs produced at least one or two fine players, who are going to look good when they get to senior competition. The Aggies had Dalsin, Christie, Patching, all backs, while Holmes and Emil Anderson, as snap and end respectively, were great. Aggies had a good all round club.

Fletcher, Jones, Nicols and Selter were the Arts contribution, while Jennings and Graham did well for the Engineers.

That surprise packet, the Meds, showed Beauty, Smith, Geahan, Hemstock, Edwards, Younger and MacBeth to excellent advantage. The

A SHORT STORY

(Continued from Page 4)

started walking, in hopes of getting a ride. Luck had not been good. Now as he looked at the house, he wished more than ever that he had remained at home.

For this was not the bleak outpost against drought and wind and hail that so many prairie farms are. Here was a prosperous little community where good luck and careful management had gone together to make a successful farm. He yearned for his home and the big rambling houses of Victoria, with lawns and shady trees, real trees, not the bushes which go under that name on the prairie. He forgot her proposed trip to town, and sat down just outside the gate. The air was rich with the scent of many flowers, but the soldier noticed only the delicate fragrance of the two lilac trees, one on either side of the door. It reminded him of the girl he loved so much—a petite lass with a pixie look and the scent of lilacs in her coppery hair. He thought with yearning of the sparkle of her eyes through her long lashes just before their first kiss.

"You are the only one," they had said, "There will never be anyone but you."

Meds had a driving, fighting line that was a treat to watch.

Every game but the Ag-Engineer 19-0 game was a bitterly fought and close contest, and the winner was never certain until the final whistle went. In most of the games only one point or so separated the loser and victor.

If the interfac league can keep producing teams and players like those of the past season, then the seniors won't have to worry about replacements.

With the new set-up in interfac hockey this winter, a fast brand of hockey is going to be flashed on the Varsity outdoor rink. Our honorable Editor has pointed out in his column just what former and new stars will be cavorting along ice lanes.

With Stan Moher at the head of the league, hockey fans can be sure of seeing fine hockey. Also his ability to develop players will serve well to bring along players who never had the opportunity to play under good coaching or in senior company.

All told, it finally looks like interfaculty sports are coming into their own.

From The Sideline

By BILL HEWSON

The suggestion that faculties be re-arranged, and that certain players might be asked to perform for faculties other than their own in the Interfaculty Hockey League this winter is evoking a good deal of discussion among campus sport circles. The reason for such a rearrangement is, of course, to provide as even balance between teams. Stan Moher, Supervisor of the League, has made an initial survey of the situation, and has found that of some twenty-seven players investigated, more than two-thirds of these belonged to one or two faculties, while the rest were more or less evenly distributed between the remaining five faculties. Stan feels, and quite rightly, that to get the very best performances in the league, and to ensure keen competition, a rearrangement is necessary.

If players are so divided that each team is approximately equal in strength, it goes without saying that there will be some closely played games this winter, and a great fight for the league title. If the present situation is allowed to continue, some faculties may feel unable to field a team, and others can only hope to scratch one together. The injection of one or two good players could transform a weak aggregation into one that will fight all the way.

Stan does not propose a wholesale rearrangement, rather he would require only the shifting of some four or five players. But, unfortunately, that is not the only facet to the situation. There is up for interfaculty competition a trophy, known as the Bulletin Cup. The rugby league that has just been completed, gave the Aggies a sizeable start on their way to another trophy. Now, such faculties as the Engineers and Arts can rely, if on nothing else, on the strength of their hockey teams to garner some much needed points. Will these faculties be willing to share their better players with other less favored faculties in the hockey league? Will such a sharing endanger their own chances of winning the league? We hope that they will consent to a rearrangement. It will certainly make for the best kind of hockey and the maximum of interest. At any rate, some thinking will have to be done on the subject in the next few days. A meeting of the M.A.B. Executive Council will be called shortly, possibly next Wednesday, and everyone will be given the opportunity to share their views. Some amicable arrangement must be arrived at. At the same time, it is hoped that the long standing rivalry between the various faculties will not suffer, but will be carried into this winter's hockey. More of that kind of spirit is needed, and every step should be taken to foster it.

Men's basketball is getting away to a belated start this fall, due mainly to difficulties in the gym schedule. Practice hours for the men have customarily been from 4 to 6. But the gym is at present used by the Training School between 5 and 6. An hour's practice is of little use, and evening practices at this time are not entirely welcome. However, after the smoke and powder of Waw Waw Weekend has cleared, something may be looked for in this direction. From all reports, there is plenty of interest evident in basketball, and the President of Men's Athletics has been repeatedly plied with questions concerning its organization this fall. As far as we could learn, a few of the unlucky males on the campus will be out Saturday afternoon to toss the ball around, but the first genuine practice will in all probability be held next Tuesday.

The girls have already made a start on the organization of their basketball, though they, too, have had a little trouble with gym hours. Practices will be held on Monday, Wednesday and Saturdays, and a practice is set for tomorrow at 1 o'clock.

Most of the campus clubs are now well under way, and some of these have already received attention on this page. Demetrie Elefthery proposed an idea for another club yesterday—the formation of a table tennis club. He proposes that a club be formed to play two nights a week in the basement of Varsity Tuck. Though we have a table in the Med Building, we have never had any organization for enthusiasts. Many of these have played in overtown clubs, and there are not a few that can only be described as experts. The idea of this club is to provide organized competition for all those who enjoy the game, whether proficient or not. Something might even be arranged in the way of interfaculty competition. It is proposed that membership cards would be given to members, after the payment of a nominal, purely nominal, fee. Now, though many will argue that they can play at home at no expense, that line of argument must be discouraged.

The only way for such a club to get organized is for students to evince some interest. In the near future an organization meeting may be held, and if a sufficient turnout is received, chances are good for the formation of the club. It's up to you.

THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 5)
because it has destroyed all the authentic moral values of our civilization and presented us in their place with the philosophy and morality of gangsterdom. Our victory is necessary so that we may again give the people of Europe faith in truth and science, respect for the universal principles of morality and for the pledged word, and faith in human

dignity; so that we may, in short, give to the European individual a life worth living. The fight is between two worlds which cannot be reconciled, one of the greatest moral conflicts in the history of humanity. In this conflict there cannot and will not be any mercy. It must be won definitely and decisively, with nothing needful left undone."—Edouard Benes.

QUOTEUNQUOTE.

NOTICE

Students' Union Telephone Directories are now available in the basement of the Arts Building, either at the Book Store or in the booth across the hall.

NOTICE

The South Edmonton Rover Crew extends an invitation to all ex-Scouts and Rovers to visit the crew in their meetings this winter. For information, see Mr. J. D. Lazerte.

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